



The Suburban Walkleys.

by R. R. R.

THERE appeared some months ago on the dramatic page of the Montreal Daily Star an editorial entitled, "Criticism as Guides," which, dealing with the functions of dramatic critics—obviously not the critics of the big producing centres, but the provincial ones; i. e. critics in cities like Montreal, who are called upon to exercise their talent on about one play per week—made as its chief point, "The first duty of a critic is not to the public but to the persons or performance criticized." To which I politely but firmly reply, "Rubbish!"

The critic writes primarily not to tell the author how good his play is, which the author already knows; nor to tell the actor how good his performance is, which the actor already knows; nor even to tell those few who are keenly interested in the theatre the aesthetic and critical significance of the play and performance, which the few already know; but simply to tell the general public whether the play will or will not provide it with a pleasant evening's entertainment. Or why should the newspaper employ him?

Barring some few negligible try-outs, by the time a play is presented in Montreal the critical juice has well-nigh been squeezed out of it. Both New York and London have had their say; and the author and actor know just where they stand. Perhaps the subject might not have been exhausted by the metropolitan scribes, but in the many years that I have followed local criticisms I have not seen a single new idea or original thought added to what has already been written; nothing but mere echoes of the judgments already passed and sealed. If "Rain" were to be played here next week I could practically guess what local criticisms would read. It would be labelled a "vivid drama dealing with life and conditions on the South Sea Islands during the depressing rainy season," "a vital play, keenly conceived and powerfully written," "adroit and skillful characterizations," mention would be made that the missionary was not meant to be typical of the profession, but simply a portrait of an over-zealous person suffering from repressions. Jeanne Eagles would be landed to the skies for her "Sadie Thompson;" "an example of remarkable acting," "taken from life, from the throaty voice, harsh from drinking and smoking, to the characteristic dress and strut."—All of which has been said before. And thus for these local gents to assume that they are hired to do what already has been done by much more competent hands is a pose to impress the mob with the importance of their positions. However this mere reiteration does have at least one use: the actor will clip the favourable notices for his scrap-book.

Similarly, it follows that these criticisms cannot mean very much to one who is sincerely interested in the theatre. This one does not wait until a play reaches Montreal before he begins to investigate. He follows the New York season closely; he reads his George Jean Nathan, his Heywood Brown, his Stark Young, his Edmund Wilson, his Alexander Woolcott, his Arthur Hornblow, his Robert Benchley, his Joseph Wood Krutch. He's thoroughly conversant with the critical opinions of the play long before it appears in Montreal.

Therefore, if the critic's chief duty

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A New Edition of Poe's Tales

The Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe; edited with an introduction by Sherwin Cody; printed by Boni and Liveright, Inc.

MESSRS Boni and Liveright have collected a number of well-known and much read novels and short stories as well as some other kinds of literature, and printed them in a uniform edition, forming what they call the Modern Library of the World's Best Books. They are constantly adding to the titles in this series, and very happily a large collection of the better-known works of Edgar Allan Poe was included in the series last year. Several distinguished writers—among them, James Branch Cabell, G. K. Chesterton, John Galsworthy, Wm. Dean Howells, H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Doren, and others—were asked to write introductions for these books; Sherwin Cody, who is known on account of his "Poe-Man, Poet, and Creative Thinker," was given the task of editing the Poe collection.

The chief recommendation of this

the "Purloined Letter" are all the essentials; very little has been added by later detective-story writers. In the two tales just mentioned we find not only the astute private crime-investigator and his simple-minded friend, but also the blundering official police and detective forces. Auguste Dupin is Sherlock Holmes and the Parisian police is Scotland Yard.

The particular type of ghost story, with its supernatural elements superimposed on the world of nature, as, for example, exploited by Prosper Mérimée in the "Vision de Charles XI," has its prototype in several of Poe's occult stories. The method of semi-facetious and semi-fantastic depicting of contemporaneous events and customs, although not original with Poe as a bald device, was developed by him in the form in which it is now being used. Mr. H. G. Wells must have learned a great deal from "Mellonta Taunta" and the "Balloon-hoax."

Mr. Cody is inclined to place, it may be, rather, too much emphasis on Poe's importance as a humorist. He

Light O' Love

I saw a poplar lure the moon

Like a light o' love:

She bowed and swayed and murmured

To him above.

And when again I passed that way

Several hours after,

She held the white moon in her arms

And laughed triumphant laughter.

—Vincent Starr.

new Poe is that we finally have a cheap readable edition of the short stories and sketches of the great master of horror. (At the same time it is perhaps to be deplored that Mr. Cody did not see fit to include the poems, which might very well cover the space now occupied by the Studies in Landscape.) We are reminded again of the awful adventure of the old Norwegian fisherman in the Maelstrom, the incomparable beauty of the Marchesa di Mantoni, melancholy Roderick Usher, morbid William Wilson, and the weird hypnotic revelations of Valdemar. All of these characters are without personality—they are mere points in space for the interplay of mysterious and gruesome events; yet the condensed horror which is contained within most of Poe's tales exercises an irresistible attraction on the majority of readers of prose fiction.

A copy of Edgar Allan Poe's works is almost indispensable to the student of literature, and especially comparative literature. There are few points about the short story which did not originally derive their being from Poe. The device of scientific plausibility dates from the stories of travel by the American writer. The detective story goes back to Edgar Allan Poe. In the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" and

speaks of the recurrence of humorous touches throughout many of Poe's non-humorous tales, as a saving grace and his humorous stories as a bulwark against a tide of morbid degeneracy. It seems to me that, in one sense, the most morbid part of Poe is his humor. The abysmal absurdity which characterizes his attempts at satire makes for most uncanny reading, and one could well imagine that one hears a demoniacal laugh breaking forth ever and anon into reechoing peals. The supposedly funny story of "Never Bet the Devil your Head" leads one to think that Poe's conception of the humorous never got beyond the extremely funny notion of somebody dying, being killed, or killing himself.

In view of the general lack of popularity of Poe's humor it might have been better if Sherwin Cody had left out the three cruder ones of the four humorous stories included in this volume. While one regards these as superfluous one misses for example, "Metzengerstein" and "The Ragged Mountains." On the whole, however, the book contains a most creditable list of selections, and Mr. Cody's remarks are uniformly interesting and instructive.

—Allan Latham

A Courtly Poet

On the Oxford Circuit and Other Verses by Lord Darling. John Murray, 1924.

A Review

Jack Spector

WERE I Lord Darling's cousin and did Lord Darling come to me in the fullness of glee at the achievement of some poetic rendering which pleased his fancy mightily, and did Lord Darling there and then in his enthusiasm proceed to unfold for my eyes his cherished manuscript and say, even as Jonathan Swift did enquire of his cousin John Dryden, "Cousin, what do you think of my poem?" on my oath as a good man and true, I should reply, "Cousin Darling, you will never be a poet." Naturally, Lord Darling, upon recovering from this rude onslaught would thank me politely for my honest and well-meant opinion. Inwardly, however, I am sure he would never forgive me and perchance should I ever be indicted before his tribunal, even for the slight misdemeanour of suggesting to the dear lady next door that one ought to do their daily dozen on some instrument other than the piano, I fear I should fare badly.

II

Lord Darling, of Langham, has just published a third edition of his book of verse, entitled "On the Oxford Circuit and Other Verses." To the first edition of 1909 he has added several poems written during, and after, the war. He has also included several translations from the French.

To deny merit to the new collection would be wrong. They possess that studied charm which is so characteristic of the gentleman poet. Beyond a doubt they are the productions of a learned man trying to turn out impeccable verse. The form leaves nothing to be desired. The blank verse is flawless; the sonnets are precise in their conformity to recognized precept; a ballade on the theme of "On sont les neiges d'antan" is attempted with success; a villanelle is effectively constructed; in fact insofar as the casement of the poetry is concerned, Lord Darling is to be commended. His delight in French verse old and new, coupled with his culturally correct conceptions evoke the poet of chivalrous fifteenth century France. There is something in him which is akin to French grace, to light, gentlemanly, precise and formal striving after le mot juste.

But it is hard for one to consider Lord Darling's verse as poetry. The rule that good verse is not necessarily good poetry finds corroboration in "On the Oxford Circuit." Warmth, glow, gush, are absent. The head, and not the heart, is the seat of this verse. Occasionally one runs across a passage somewhat emotional, but that urchin Hope is soon kicked down the stairs. One simply refuses to grow sympathetically appreciative over

"The pleasure and the pain
Of remembrance, vivid, vain,
As I tread them once again—
The back stairs."

Nor over "a horse-shoe on the hard stable-drive." Likewise the translations from the French refuse to intrigue one's enthusiasm. Theodore

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"Now It Can Be Told"

It appears that the college student of today is somewhat in the position of the French *jeune fille*, living in a quiet but blissful state of ignorance before being turned out into a cold and cruel world of hard facts. In both cases there is apparently a conspiracy of silence to preserve the innocence of the victim. The *jeune fille* is not allowed to read novels or to go to the theatre, and when *maman* and her gentleman friends are discussing the latest scandals she is asked to go away and learn her catechism . . . this is thought to be an adequate training for marriage and motherhood. The college student, at least at McGill, it seems, has been preparing for life in a similar innocent manner. He has played at little games with balls that are rather larger than the marbles which served as his first boyish introduction to competitive athletics, he has sported with Amaryllis in the shade, grubbed in a few greasy books and messed about with some old retorts, and maybe dissected a corpse. But little is said as to what awaits him when the mortar board has been clapped upon his head, the last lecture cut and the last quiz passed. Those who have gone before are silent as the ghost of Hamlet's father. Yet it seems that they could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up the soul, freeze the young blood, and make each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpentine. But the secret of the fate that lies in store for us has been divulged by a prominent undergraduate in a recent speech before the local Babbitts in which he said with prophetic fervour, "The college man of to-day is the Kiwanian of to-morrow."

Now at last we know! Ignorance will no longer be accepted as an excuse. We know the worst now, and will try to face it as best we may. We had expected for the college graduate a life that should be free and happy and tolerant—one of artistic endeavour, of scientific research, of political progress. We had hoped that the college man of today would be the poet, painter, playwright of to-morrow; The Edington, Rutherford, Osler of to-morrow, the man who should found a great labour party in Canada to-morrow. But we realize now that all we can hope for is that the college man of to-day will be a go-getter, a worshipper of the bitch-goddess Success, a hustler, a good mixer, a credulous believer in efficiency, ideals and service—with nothing to worship or idealise but his own cheque book.

And the worst of it is that the speaker's vision of the future of the college man will prove a true one in about six cases out of ten; ours—not twice in a hundred.

Spring is evidently at hand if the number of our contributors who have chosen to write in verse is any indication of the approach of that happy season.

The Upturned Face

AS cloudy shadows race
Across a sunny meadow,
So upon your face
I see love trace
A shadow.

Like a slow dusk falling
Till oblivion lies
In every quiet alley
Of a leafy valley,
So you close your eyes.

A fragrant flower
Whitening a dark place
Where shadows cower
In a scented bower,
Is your upturned face.

—J. G.

Blind Raftery

Donn Byrne. F. D. Goodchild
Company, Toronto The Century
Company, 1924.

I have never had the pleasure of reading Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo;" but as I lay aside his later work, "Blind Raftery," I know the writings of Byrne, whether his short stories or his longer works are worth reading for style alone, if for nothing else.

Now "Blind Raftery" is only a little longer than a short story, adhering completely to Poe's claim that a work should not be so lengthy that it cannot be read in one sitting. One hour and a half will suffice to read this work—that is if you read with ordinary swiftness or a little more—but if you wish to get the full benefit out of the story of the great Irish poet Raftery, you must linger awhile over many of the passages, drinking in deeply of their richness of expression and staying a while to admire their colour, to feel their warmth. And that takes more than ninety minutes.

It is a simple story this tale of Raftery, without any of the intricacies of a deep plot and without any of the difficulties which accompany a mass of varying characters. But simplicity has charm, and as I read through the pages, following Raftery as he went from country to country singing his epics and his lyrics, I felt as if I was at his side, listening to the golden melody of his voice intermingling with the sharp notes that leapt like fire from the vibrating strings of his Irish harp. And if Byrne can make his readers feel that way, he is an artist.

True, there is one complication in the book, for the blind singer of epics marries Hilaria, a daughter of Spain, whose reputation had suffered when she had come within the clutches of the most hated man in all Ireland, Dafydd Evan, the Welshman of Claregalway, hypocrite, and plunderer. But her mind was "clean and keen as a knife" and her "heart had a lock and seal set on it until" she met Raftery. It was a planned marriage, on the part of Evan, for he hoped by the use of his slandering tongue to cause the downfall of Ireland's poet, but all in vain, for "I can do much better without the Irish nation," says the maker of verses, "than the Irish nation can do without Patrick Raftery." And in good keeping with all the orthodox ideas of poetic justice, the Welshman of Claregalway is caught in the financial snares of the South-Sea Bubble, his complete downfall resulting, while Raftery is honoured by nobles and peasants alike.

That is the story. As I have said it is simple; but art, to be great does not have to be complicated, and there are many passages which are well worth perusal.

For instance, as Raftery finishes playing in one of the houses of the land, he asks a little one if he would like to play his harp. And the child in awe would put out a finger to touch the deep vibrating strings. And there would be tears in the eyes of the folk in the house.

Or, as Byrne says, "When one is crushed and heartbroken, it is good to travel to Galway town. . . . At evening the sun lingers over this last of old Europe, and there is a twilight longer than any twilight in the world, blue overhead and reddish golden on the horizon, so that you wonder if you had not died in some gentle afternoon sleep and are wandering now on the edge of the promised peaceful country, where the boughs of the trees are golden and silver, gold blossoms on silver branches, and the fights are all merry unblistered ones, and there is honey and ale for all." And then there is plenty of verse of

A New Poem

by Harry.

THE question: "Why should not the old Arts Building be destroyed?" has been put to Harry, poet-laureate and assistant janitor respectively of the faculty and the building, by a too zealous architectural reformer, and Harry has sent us the following well-turned reply:

"My dear friend, know you not
The Arts Building is the Mother of
McGill?"

Could you see your Mother destroyed
And remain calm in mind and will?

"The dear old Arts Building
With its venerable hall and rooms
And star chambers for Freshmen—
Dear friend, reflect, recall those hasty
words again

"The old building with its mediaeval
seats and desks.
(Names of the departed and living
carved upon.)

Dear friend, you would regret
If desolation were to come

"To the dear old Arts Building,
Great monument of noble pioneers'
work—

Professors with great souls and small
pay
Who toiled long years to smooth the
way.

"The old Arts Building,
The souls of James McGill,
Dr. Dawson, Peterson, Harkness and
Moyse
And others whose work made us
rejoice!

"The Arts Building, erected to diffuse
Light
To Progress, may be remodelled some
day,
But kind hands shall remove her
stones
Respected and covered with glory for
aye.

"Spirit of Art open my eyes,
That all true beauty I may see:
But while I admire modern buildings,
Old buildings have a greater charm
for me."

We ourselves like these verses very much. The first stanza, the Homeric list of heroes in the fifth, and the final invocation to Beauty especially please. We hope that all who enjoy Harry's occasional verses will make a point of congratulating him on his latest poem which (for us at least) is not marred at all by its evident didacticism.

the sort that the wandering poet
sings—epics, ballads telling of war
and feuds, a little song damning the
hated Welshman, or perhaps a luring
love lyric that the blind poet sings
to his beloved Hilaria.

"O woman of Spain, the pain you
have put in my heart,
To tell you its tenth would surpass
the strength of my art.
There is on me a grief past relief,
and no man in this place,
But pities my plight without sight of
your fair Latin face.

"If we were below in Mayo, where
the tall rowan stands;
In the County Kildare, or in Clare of
the wide golden sands,
The hours would pass by as fly the
the swift swallows of spring,
While you listened with pride by my
side to the poems I would sing."

Finally Byrne has spun the web of his tale together so well that it reads with all the magic freshness of a happy Ireland, and is as clean as the flying ocean spray as it sweeps up the coast on a windy morning. Two hours spent in reading "Blind Raftery" are two hours that will not be wasted.

A College Uneducation

E. Wallace Willard, Jr.

TIME honoured as is the much fought out question of a technical versus a liberal education no subject was ever stated with such alluring freshness and clarity as was this same theme in a recent issue of the Century Magazine. Irwin Edman, writing on the "unpreparing" of our young men for life gives a decidedly new and positive twist to the whole debate, stating his views and position with such forcefulness that it scarcely seems possible to gainsay him. In my opinion his contribution to current knowledge upon the subject of higher education should be studied by everyone connected with it, parents, students, and professors alike. To bring in the personal element I might say that formerly I was very much biased in favour of a purely liberal education, first and foremost at least, with the technical merely as a side issue; but to my dismay I found my own arguments used against me in shattering style.

We are informed upon various occasions that an Arts course has for its purpose not the earning of a living, but the living of a life; that it teaches one to be discerning and comprehending, separating the essential from the non-essential, making one fully appreciative of the beauties in the world and inculcating an attitude sufficiently philosophic to smooth over many of the uglinesses. So far so true. The happiness to be derived on this side of the other world cannot be located in the bullion piles of the various Wall Streets; indeed it is doubtful if the source of real happiness can be definitely assigned to any one cause. Yet certain it is that one cannot be truly happy unless one is performing the task for which one is pre-eminently fitted. Whereby hangs the tale.

In the course of his article Mr. Edman tells the story of a very common type of young man going to college. Like a great many of those whose attention is not wholly diverted to athletics and the social side of activities his mind is fired with the beauties of poetry and the arts, is set to wondering by the mental gymnastics of philosophy; so that, like many another whom you and I know, he becomes dissatisfied with life and the world in general, and aspires to something better than there is to offer him. He is apt to become cynical, distrustful of human nature and extremely radical. He reaches the end of his course feeling entirely lost, and utterly unable to solve the problem of how best to apply himself to the task of earning his bread. He feels unfit for the dull routine and the drab commerciality of business. At the same time, not being a genius born, he cannot create ideas and symbols of sufficient appeal and magnitude to earn him fame. He is able only to wistfully sit at the feet of the "grandes artistes."

Sometimes young men whose nature is not so deep as surface appearances would warrant recover nicely from this mental condition and make a success of things. But too often they are completely spoiled for the serious business of life. They have learned enough to understand the stern bitternesses and everlasting follies of the human existence but are not great enough in themselves to overcome realities in serenity of mind. And so many lives are wrecked. Had they never had a higher education they would have made first class business men of the present day standard nor would they have felt the lack of the

Chinoiserie

Translated from the Chinese of the 4th century, A. D. by Vincent Starr and R. S. M'Ing.

I

A princess whose arms were white as new-peeled almonds,
and whose almond eyes were rayed with lashes
henna-dipt
Looked from a casement in her honorable ancestor's tower
of porcelain by the Yellow Sea
And stretched her arms to reach the moon.

She had two lovers, and she said to them:

"To which of you shall bring the moon to me
shall be granted the exquisite felicity
of sending my women away and undoing
the innermost folds of my dragon-pattern gown
himself."

II

One climbed a mountain in Mongolia, and stood on
tiptoe on the highest crag, and stretched his
arms to reach the moon.

The other on a moony night jumped from his junk, and
sought the bottom of the Yellow Sea to pluck the
moon from thence.

III

The princess, looking from a casement in her honorable
ancestor's ancient tower of porcelain,
Turns her eyes through tears in lonely longing to
the moon.
Sometimes it is gashed and broken like the face of
one fallen from a great height onto sharp rocks.
Sometimes it is white and cold and bloated like a
drowned man's face:
And if the princess sends her women away she has no more
exquisite felicity than of undoing the innermost
folds of her dragon pattern gown
herself.

aesthetic any more than their very self-satisfied fathers, who managing excellently well themselves without a college education seem determined to cram as much knowledge as possible into their children's brains, regardless of whether any valuable storage space has been therein provided.

At the same time a technical training for any one capable of really understanding it is to be desired. There is no reason why scientific principles of analysis cannot be applied to the various ways of rendering service to the community and these taught in such a way as to save some of the time necessarily taken if these are learned through experience only. Mr. Edman too would be very willing to see liberal subjects combined with the technical courses in order to broaden but not to bias the mind, and it would seem that some such form of compromise will be the only way out of the difficulty in this day of fierce economic competition.

Of course the ideal, and perhaps final (if one may be permitted to be thoroughly optimistic) solution would be the ability to categorize each individual at an early age, separating the poets from the mathematicians, the painters from the engineers, and so on. Possibly the development of psychology will give us accurate methods of determining the mental bent of children and enable us to label them at once for the particular work they are best fitted to carry out. If such a stage should arrive the children of the earth will be blessed indeed. In the meantime anyone will spend a profitable hour by reading Mr. Edman's article in the October 1924 Century and giving some thought thereto,

The Music Club Recital

A very encouraging audience, in both size and appreciation, attended the second Sunday Musicales of the McGill Music Club on the afternoon of February 22nd. It was very gratifying to note that several Professors, besides many outsiders, were among those present. Over two hundred students attended.

The program was opened by Willis Malone, Pianist, with Debussy's first two Arabesques—selections which suited the executant's touch and temperament although it seemed to us that Debussy should not be played first on a program. Nothing, we maintain, will "warm" the atmosphere as well as the old stand-bys—a Bach Concerto or Suite, or something from Mozart, Scarlatti, Hummel and Beethoven. Mr. Malone next rendered a refined performance of Chopin's Valse in A-flat, Opus 34, No. 1; after which, he responded to the applause with the pleasant Valse in G-flat by the same composer.

A group of violin solos by Mary Izard was very well received. Starting with Sarasate's arrangement of Chopin's E-flat Nocturne, she put us in the right mood for the Negro Spiritual that followed—a piece which the player claims to have "discovered" and introduced. Like most Negro chants, it called for a luscious tone and emotional rendition, and the melody was just as weird as the name was outlandish—"Many, many Thousands gone." Mary Izard did not scale the heights of Parnassus (I speak figuratively) until the third number, Wieniawski's "Legende,"

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Melodramatic Picture at His Majesty's

ONCE more the question as to the right and wrong of capital punishment is brought up in His Majesty's Theatre, but this time it is not a wordy debate between two astute lawyers but the silent drama, which, effectively working on the sentiments of the audience attempts to show how circumstantial evidence may send an innocent man to the gallows. The picture, of course, is not conclusive, since it only deals with one phase of capital punishment—that of the miscarriage of justice, and that, as is stated, only happens in one case, perhaps, out of ten. But even this tenth man, this innocent one, should cause society to reflect more and to ask itself about the right and wrong of consigning all to perdition.

The plot is a melodramatic one. The picture opens with a prologue where an innocent man is electrocuted, justice arriving one moment too late; it closes where another is barely saved from the chair by the same fraction of time. Gordon Harrington, a criminologist, wagers with Phillips, a prominent club-man, that he could have an innocent man convicted of murder, by means of circumstantial evidence. Phillips disappears; and Harrington arranges with a young crook, who is "go in straight" to allow himself to be accused of the clubman's murder, assuring him that he would be freed when Phillips turned up again in two weeks time. The crook accepts this plan with the expectation of getting ten thousand dollars for his pains and thus be in a position to supply his mother and his sweetheart with all the luxuries in his imagination. But it all turns out wrong. Harrington gets into a fight with Phillips over a girl, and kills him. His sweetheart will not allow him to give himself up but persuades him to let the young crook be punished instead. The climax arrives just one second before the execution which the governor stops at the psychological moment, while Harrington, himself, is beating at the gates.

The whole picture is somewhat overdrawn, but it certainly is not overemphasized. There are several tense spots, when one feels a lump rising in one's throat—such moments as when the convicted man is allowed to visit his dying mother and attempts to hide from her his handcuffs. Mary Carr, of "Over the Hill" fame, portrays the mother and plays the role with great skill.

But George Hackathorne, as Danny O'Connor, is superb. First as a reformed crook or the underworld, then as a smiling convict who is "doing something for humanity," and finally, in the full realization of his position, as one in all the agonies of mind before execution, he rises to great heights of dramatic ability. His characterization is extremely well done.

Clara Bow, as the crook's girl is good, but Elliot Dexter and Joseph Kilgour, who take important parts, have done better work.

A travelogue that precedes the picture, showing moose hunting, fishing and other sports in the primeval forests of New Brunswick, is interesting, dealing, as it does, with the free and easy life that everyone wishes for. A comedy and several songs by Miss Matteno, a pleasing soprano, complete the bill.

The Ballad of the Misplaced Highbrow

by Otto Klineberg

YOU may talk about the tortures of the damned.
You may sing about the sorrows of the tomb.
But the tomb is full of gladness
When contrasted with the sadness
Which is sealed within my envelope of gloom.
I'm a monument to false parental hope.
I'm a sacrifice to empty-headed pride.
I'm a victim of confusion,
Of deception and delusion,
I'm an object for deriders to deride.
I was born to be as other people are.
I was meant to go where other people go.
But by some miscalculation,
I forsook my destination.
I'm a High Brow when I should have been a Low!
As an infant I was taught to cry in Greek.
I imbibed a lot of Shinto in my cot.
When I asked for toys and rattles
I was told of Persian battles,
And reminded of the Major Laws of Thought.
As a youngster I was introduced to Kant.
I could make a speech on Einstein as a boy.
I could read a hieroglyphic
In a manner scientific,
And my Babylonian accent was a joy.
As a youth I took my Calculus to bed.
I could whistle all the songs Caruso sang.
I would read the tenth declension,
Or observe the fourth dimension,
When I should have been out fighting with the gang.
I was forced to swallow Ibsen with my meat.
I was given Amy Lowell with my tea.
I was made to see "Othello"
And to play the violoncello
When I should have joined the others on a spree.
When I met the Girl who seemed to be the One,
And we wandered in the moonlight rather late,
And my lack of preparation
For this sort of situation
Gave me food for sad reflection on my fate.
For I told her all I knew about Laplace,
And I whispered how the Pyramids were made.
Then I talked of Tintoretto
And I sang some Rigoletto
And reminded her why Athens had decayed.
But she looked at me and smiled a little smile.
Then looked away and sighed a little sigh.
And I saw my conversation
Was devoid of inspiration,
And the only thing to do was say Good-bye.
Oh at last I see the error of my way.
At last I know the path I have to tread.
I must throw my erudition
To the depths of deep perdition.
I must stop communication with the dead!
I will learn to trip the light fantastic toe.
I will seek the fertile friendship of the mob.
I will leave my Aristotle
For the alcoholic bottle
I will worship at the shrine of Boyish Bobb.
I will wave a last farewell to Art and Thought,
For to me they're far too staid and statuesque.
I will spend my leisure hours
In the pleasure-giving bowers
Of the Cabaret, the Movie, and Burlesque.
May I finish with a word of good advice?
Never bite off more than you can masticate.
Let your wishes and pretensions
Fit your cranial dimensions
And you may avoid the bludgeonings of Fate.
You may talk about the tortures of the damned
I admit they're quite excessively severe.
But it's worse, O Gentle Reader,
If you try to be a leader,
When your rational position's in the rear.

From Far-Off Hills

FROM far-off hills there comes a whispering
Of wet winds, and a footfall of the rain
Draws up the valley, till there wake again
Dear dreams and vagrant raptures of the spring:—
So all day long my heart is following
A vision that mine eyes may not attain,—
A lilt of laughter and an old refrain,—
A goddess, careless of my worshipping.

It follows through the city's noise and strife,
Through quiet fields where longing winds confer;
It seeks through silver days and blue nights rife
With stars and wide-thrown northern lights astir,—
Through each returning hour of April life,
The eyes of Beauty and the lips of her.
—Goodridge MacDonald.

The Music Club Recital

(Continued from page three)

which she played flawlessly where flaws might have been apprehended. Often her bowing and execution suggested the more brutal sex by the tone volume produced. This was undoubtedly the most solid work on the program; it was followed by Brahms' over-popular, hackneyed, played-to-death, abused, violated, but nevertheless beautiful Waltz in A-flat. The Music Club made no mistake in inviting Mary Izard to play—let us hope that she will come again soon.

Mrs. William Ewing, a local singer, next gave a short group of British songs—three musical settings of poems by W. B. Yeats and Rupert Brooke. Mrs. Ewing has a voice of rich quality in the middle register and she uses it very well, but her songs were rather shallow and sterile in musical content and scarcely merited the good efforts that the singer bestowed on them.

Miss Louise Hurd, of the Royal Victoria College Music Club, played two numbers, a Prelude by Mendelssohn, and Romance by Schumann. Miss Hurd is certainly one of the most talented pianists now attending McGill. Her lack of virility in some passages was more than recompensed by her intelligent interpretation throughout, and by consummate delicacy where delicacy was needed.

Miss Hurd's selections completed the program, which was just the right length—a decided improvement on the previous musicale.

Miss Constance Gurd and Mrs. R. M. Ballantyne accompanied the guest performers very efficiently in all their solos.

—LAWRENCE HART.

Little Things

LITTLE things I'll give you—
Till your fingers learn to press
Gently
On a levelness;

Little things and new—
Till your fingers learn to hold
Love that's fragile,
Love that's old.

—Marion Strobel.

A Courtly Poet

(Continued from Page One)

de Banville can reach a high plane of poetic expression when he says, "Nous n'irons plus aux bois, les lauriers sont coupés." But how felled and faded sounds!

"To the greenwood no more, fellows and faded the bays."

III

No doubt some zealous disciple of Lord Darling's can quote chapter and text to prove by ratiocination that the above judgments are obtuse. Perhaps they are so. Nevertheless one is willing to wager that future generations will know Lord Darling as a great lawyer, a venerable judge, whose sane and wise judgments are an inestimable monument to English law and likewise as the judge who tried the celebrated case of Mr. "A"—but not as a poet. There is something else required beside form, finish and witticism to make a poet. That "je ne sais quoi qui est l'art," Lord Darling does not possess. Perhaps the dour sobriety of the courtroom has deadened the more primitive poetic urge of the learned judge's youth. Or perhaps he has indulged that perverse instinct which urges men who excel in one field to essay to dazzle in a field diametrically opposed. Dr. Johnson desired to be a soldier. General Wolfe would rather have written Gray's "Elegy" than take Quebec. H. G. Wells aspired to a great career in science. And must it be said of Lord Darling, the great judge, that he tried to be a poet?

The Suburban Walkleys

(Continued from Page One).

is not to the public, i. e., casual theatre-goers, whose knowledge of the theatre concerns itself mostly with the number of times the leading lady has been divorced, and who wish to know if the "show" is worth seeing, for what earthly use is he? He is employed not as an analyst, but simply as a sampler. It follows that he does his work best whose dramatic palate most closely resembles the taste of the public. This explains the popularity of Montreal's critics.



The Suburban Walkleys.

by R. R. R.

THERE appeared some months ago on the dramatic page of the Montreal Daily Star an editorial entitled, "Criticisms as Guides," which, dealing with the functions of dramatic critics—obviously not the critics of the big producing centres, but the provincial ones; i. e. critics in cities, like Montreal, who are called upon to exercise their talent on about one play per week—made as its chief point, "The first duty of a critic is not to the public but to the persons or performance criticized." To which I politely but firmly reply, "Rubbish!"

The critic writes primarily not to tell the author how good his play is, which the author already knows; nor to tell the actor how good his performance is, which the actor already knows; nor even to tell those few who are keenly interested in the theatre the aesthetic and critical significance of the play and performance, which the few already know; but simply to tell the general public whether the play will or will not provide it with a pleasant evening's entertainment. Or why should the newspaper employ him?

Barring some few negligible try-outs, by the time a play is presented in Montreal the critical juice has well-nigh been squeezed out of it. Both New York and London have had their say; and the author and actor know just where they stand. Perhaps the subject might not have been exhausted by the metropolitan scribes, but in the many years that I have followed local criticisms I have not seen a single new idea or original thought added to what has already been written; nothing but mere echoes of the judgments already passed and sealed. If "Rain" were to be played here next week I could practically guess what local criticisms would read. It would be labelled a "vivid drama dealing with life and conditions on the South Sea Islands during the depressing rainy season," "a vital play, keenly conceived and powerfully written," "adroit and skillful characterizations;" mention would be made that the missionary was not meant to be typical of the profession, but simply a portrait of an over-zealous person suffering from repressions. Jeanne Eagles would be landed to the skies for her "Sadie Thompson;" "an example of remarkable acting," "taken from life, from the throaty voice, harsh from drinking and smoking, to the characteristic dress and strut."—All of which has been said before. And thus for these local gents to assume that they are hired to do what already has been done by much more competent hands is a pose to impress the mob with the importance of their positions. However this mere reiteration does have at least one use: the actor will clip the favourable notices for his scrap-book.

Similarly, it follows that these criticisms cannot mean very much to one who is sincerely interested in the theatre. This one does not wait until a play reaches Montreal before he begins to investigate. He follows the New York season closely: he reads his George Jean Nathan, his Heywood Brown, his Stark Young, his Edmund Wilson, his Alexander Woolcott, his Arthur Hornblow, his Robert Benchley, his Joseph Wood Krutch. He's thoroughly conversant with the critical opinions of the play long before it appears in Montreal.

Therefore, if the critic's chief duty

(Continued on Page Four)

A New Edition of Poe's Tales

The Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe; edited with an introduction by Sherwin Cody; printed by Boni and Liveright, Inc.

MESSRS Boni and Liveright have collected a number of well-known and much read novels and short stories as well as some other kinds of literature, and printed them in a uniform edition, forming what they call the Modern Library of the World's Best Books. They are constantly adding to the titles in this series, and very happily a large collection of the better-known works of Edgar Allan Poe was included in the series last year. Several distinguished writers—among them, James Branch Cabell, G. K. Chesterton, John Galsworthy, Wm. Dean Howells, H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Doren, and others—were asked to write introductions for these books; Sherwin Cody, who is known on account of his "Poe—Man, Poet, and Creative Thinker," was given the task of editing the Poe collection.

The chief recommendation of this

the "Purloined Letter" are all the essentials; very little has been added by later detective-story writers. In the two tales just mentioned we find not only the astute private crime-investigator and his simple-minded friend, but also the blundering official police and detective forces. Auguste Dupin is Sherlock Holmes and the Parisian police is Scotland Yard.

The particular type of ghost story, with its supernatural elements superimposed on the world of nature, as, for example, exploited by Prosper Mérimée in the "Vision de Charles XI," has its prototype in several of Poe's occult stories. The method of semi-facetious and semi-fantastic depicting of contemporaneous events and customs, although not original with Poe as a bald device, was developed by him in the form in which it is now being used. Mr. H. G. Wells must have learned a great deal from "Mellonta Taunta" and the "Balloon-hoax."

Mr. Cody is inclined to place, it may be, rather too much emphasis on Poe's importance as a humorist. The

Light O' Love

I saw a poplar lure the moon

Like a light o' love:

She bowed and swayed and murmured

To him above.

And when again I passed that way

Several hours after,

She held the white moon in her arms

And laughed triumphant laughter.

—Vincent Starr.

new Poe is that we finally have a cheap readable edition of the short stories and sketches of the great master of horror. (At the same time it is perhaps to be deplored that Mr. Cody did not see fit to include the poems, which might very well cover the space now occupied by the Studies in Landscape.) We are reminded again of the awful adventure of the old Norwegian fisherman in the Maelstrom, the incomparable beauty of the Marchesa di Mentoni, melancholy Roderick Usher, morbid William Wilson, and the weird hypnotic revelations of Valdemar. All of these characters are without personality—they are mere points in space for the interplay of mysterious and gruesome events; yet the condensed horror which is contained within most of Poe's tales exercises an irresistible attraction on the majority of readers of prose fiction.

A copy of Edgar Allan Poe's works is almost indispensable to the student of literature, and especially comparative literature. There are few points about the short story which did not originally derive their being from Poe. The device of scientific plausibility dates from the stories of travel by the American writer. The detective story goes back to Edgar Allan Poe. In the "Murders on the Rue Morgue" and

speaks of the recurrence of humorous touches throughout many of Poe's non-humorous tales, as a saving grace and his humorous stories as a bulwark against a tide of morbid degeneracy. It seems to me that, in one sense, the most morbid part of Poe is his humor. The abysmal absurdity which characterizes his attempts at satire makes for most uncanny reading, and one could well imagine that one hears a demoniacal laugh breaking forth ever and anon into reechoing peals. The supposedly funny story of "Never Bet the Devil your Head" leads one to think that Poe's conception of the humorous never got beyond the extremely funny notion of somebody dying, being killed, or killing himself.

In view of the general lack of popularity of Poe's humor it might have been better if Sherwin Cody had left out the three cruder ones of the four humorous stories included in this volume. While one regards these as superfluous one misses for example, "Metzengerstein" and "The Ragged Mountains." On the whole, however, the book contains a most creditable list of selections, and Mr. Cody's remarks are uniformly interesting and instructive.

—Allan Latham

A Courtly Poet

On the Oxford Circuit and Other Verses by Lord Darling. John Murray, 1924.

A Review
Jack Spector

WERE I Lord Darling's cousin and did Lord Darling come to me in the fullness of glee at the achievement of some poetic rendering which pleased his fancy mightily, and did Lord Darling there and then in his enthusiasm proceed to unfold for my eyes his cherished manuscript and say, even as Jonathan Swift did enquire of his cousin John Dryden, "Cousin, what do you think of my poem?" on my oath as a good man and true, I should reply, "Cousin Darling, you will never be a poet." Naturally, Lord Darling, upon recovering from this rude onslaught would thank me politely for my honest and well-meant opinion. Inwardly, however, I am sure he would never forgive me and perchance should I ever be indicted before his tribunal, even for the slight misdemeanour of suggesting to the dear lady next door that one ought to do their daily dozen on some instrument other than the piano, I fear I should fare badly.

II

Lord Darling, of Langham, has just published a third edition of his book of verse entitled "On the Oxford Circuit and Other Verses." To the first edition of 1909 he has added several poems written during, and after, the war. He has also included several translations from the French.

To deny merit to the new collection would be wrong. They possess that studied charm which is so characteristic of the gentleman poet. Beyond a doubt they are the productions of a learned man trying to turn out impeccable verse. The form leaves nothing to be desired. The blank verse is flawless; the sonnets are precise in their conformity to recognized precept; a ballade on the theme of "Où sont les neiges d'antan" is attempted with success; a villanelle is effectively constructed; in fact insofar as the casement of the poetry is concerned, Lord Darling is to be commended. His delight in French verse old and new, coupled with his culturally correct conceptions evoke the poet of chivalrous fifteenth century France. There is something in him which is akin to French grace, to light, gentlemanly, precise and formal striving after le mot juste.

But it is hard for one to consider Lord Darling's verse as poetry. The rule that good verse is not necessarily good poetry finds corroboration in "On the Oxford Circuit." Warmth, glow, gush, are absent. The head, and not the heart, is the seat of this verse. Occasionally one runs across a passage somewhat emotional, but that urchin Hope is soon kicked down the stairs. One simply refuses to grow sympathetically appreciative over

"The pleasure and the pain
Of remembrance, vivid, vain,
As I tread them once again—
The back stairs."

Nor over "a horse-shoe on the hard stable-drive." Likewise the translations from the French refuse to intrigue one's enthusiasm. Theodore

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The McGill Daily Literary Supplement

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"Now It Can Be Told"

It appears that the college student of today is somewhat in the position of the French *jeune fille*, living in a quiet but blissful state of ignorance before being turned out into a cold and cruel world of hard facts. In both cases there is apparently a conspiracy of silence to preserve the innocence of the victim. The *jeune fille* is not allowed to read novels or to go to the theatre, and when *maman* and her gentleman friends are discussing the latest scandals she is asked to go away and learn her catechism . . . this is thought to be an adequate training for marriage and motherhood. The college student, at least at McGill, it seems, has been preparing for life in a similar innocent manner. He has played at little games with balls that are rather larger than the marbles which served as his first boyish introduction to competitive athletics, he has sported with Amaryllis in the shade, grubbed in a few greasy books and messed about with some old retorts, and maybe dissected a corpse. But little is said as to what awaits him when the mortar board has been clapped upon his head, the last lecture cut and the last quiz passed. Those who have gone before are silent as the ghost of Hamlet's father. Yet it seems that they could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up the soul, freeze the young blood, and make each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpoentine. But the secret of the fate that lies in store for us has been divulged by a prominent undergraduate in a recent speech before the local Babbitts in which he said with prophetic fervour, "The college man of to-day is the Kiwanian of to-morrow."

Now at last we know! Ignorance will no longer be accepted as an excuse. We know the worst now, and will try to face it as best we may. We had expected for the college graduate a life that should be free and happy and tolerant—one of artistic endeavour, of scientific research, of political progress. We had hoped that the college man of today would be the poet, painter, playwright of to-morrow; The Edington, Rutherford, Osler of to-morrow, the man who should found a great labour party in Canada to-morrow. But we realize now that all we can hope for is that the college man of to-day will be a go-getter, a worshipper of the bitch-goddess Success, a hustler, a good mixer, a credulous believer in efficiency, ideals and service—with nothing to worship or idealise but his own cheque book.

And the worst of it is that the speaker's vision of the future of the college man will prove a true one in about six cases out of ten; ours—not twice in a hundred.

Spring is evidently at hand if the number of our contributors who have chosen to write in verse is any indication of the approach of that happy season.

The Upturned Face

AS cloudy shadows race
Across a sunny meadow,
So upon your face
I see love trace
A shadow.

Like a slow dusk falling
Till oblivion lies
In every quiet alley
Of a leafy valley,
So you close your eyes.

A fragrant flower
Whitening a dark place
Where shadows cower
In a scented bower,
Is your upturned face.

—J. G.

Blind Raftery

Donn Byrne, F. D. Goodchild
Company, Toronto The Century
Company, 1924.

I have never had the pleasure of reading Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo," but as I lay aside his later work, "Blind Raftery," I know the writings of Byrne, whether his short stories or his longer works are worth reading for style alone, if for nothing else.

Now "Blind Raftery" is only a little longer than a short story, adhering completely to Poe's claim that a work should not be so lengthy that it cannot be read in one sitting. One hour and a half will suffice to read this work—that is if you read with ordinary swiftness or a little more—but if you wish to get the full benefit out of the story of the great Irish poet Raftery, you must linger awhile over many of the passages, drinking in deeply of their richness of expression and staying a while to admire their colour, to feel their warmth. And that takes more than ninety minutes.

It is a simple story this tale of Raftery, without any of the intricacies of a deep plot and without any of the difficulties which accompany a mass of varying characters. But simplicity has charm, and as I read through the pages, following Raftery as he went from country to country singing his epics and his lyrics, I felt as if I was at his side, listening to the golden melody of his voice intermingling with the sharp notes that leapt like fire from the vibrating strings of his Irish harp. And if Byrne can make his readers feel that way, he is an artist.

True, there is one complication in the book, for the blind singer of epics marries Hilaria, a daughter of Spain, whose reputation had suffered when she had come within the clutches of the most hated man in all Ireland, Dafydd Evan, the Welshman of Claregalway, hypocrite, and plunderer. But her mind was "clean and keen as a knife" and her "heart had a lock and seal set on it until" she met Raftery. It was a planned marriage on the part of Evan, for he hoped by the use of his slandering tongue to cause the downfall of Ireland's poet, but all in vain, for "I can do much better without the Irish nation," says the maker of verses, "than the Irish nation can do without Patrick Raftery." And in good keeping with all the orthodox ideas of poetic justice, the Welshman of Claregalway is caught in the financial snares of the South Sea Bubble, his complete downfall resulting, while Raftery is honoured by nobles and peasants alike.

That is the story. As I have said it is simple; but art, to be great does not have to be complicated, and there are many passages which are well worth perusal.

For instance, as Raftery finishes playing in one of the houses of the land, he asks a little one if he would like to play his harp. And the child in awe would put out a finger to touch the deep vibrating strings. And there would be tears in the eyes of the folk in the house.

Or, as Byrne says, "When one is crushed and heartbroken, it is good to travel to Galway town. . . . At evening the sun lingers over this last of old Europe, and there is a twilight longer than any twilight in the world, blue overhead and reddish golden on the horizon, so that you wonder if you had not died in some gentle afternoon sleep and are wandering now on the edge of the promised peaceful country, where the boughs of the trees are golden and silver, gold blossoms on silver branches, and the fights are all merry unblistered ones, and there is honey and ale for all." And then there is plenty of verse of

A New Poem

by Harry.

THE question: "Why should not the old Arts Building be destroyed?" has been put to Harry, poet-laureate and assistant janitor respect vely of the faculty and the building, b. a too zealous architectural reformer, and Harry has sent us the following well-turned reply:

"My dear friend, know you not
The Arts Building is the Mother of
McGill?"

Could you see your Mother destroyed
And remain calm in mind and will?

"The dear old Arts Building
With its venerable hall and rooms
And star chambers for Freshman:—
Dear friend, reflect, recall those hasty
words again

"The old building with its mediaeval
seats and desks.

(Names of the departed and living
carved upon.)

Dear friend, you would regret
If desolation were to come

"To the dear old Arts Building,
Great monument of noble pioneers'
work—

Professors with great souls and small
pay

Who toiled long years to smooth the
way.

"The old Arts Building,
The souls of James McGill,
Dr. Dawson, Peterson, Harkness and
Moyse
And others whose work made us
rejoice!

"The Arts Building, erected to diffuse
Light

To Progress, may be remodelled some
day;

But kind hands shall remove her
stones

Respected and covered with glory for
aye.

"Spirit of Art open my eyes,
That all true beauty I may see:
But while I admire modern buildings,
Old buildings have a greater charm
for me."

We ourselves like these verses very much. The first stanza, the Homeric list of heroes in the fifth, and the final invocation to Beauty especially please. We hope that all who enjoy Harry's occasional verses will make a point of congratulating him on his latest poem which (for us at least) is not marred at all by its evident didacticism.

the sort that the wandering poet
sings—epics, ballads telling of war
and feuds, a little song damning the
hated Welshman, or perhaps a lulling
love lyric that the blind poet sings
to his beloved Hilaria.

"O woman of Spain, the pain you
have put in my heart,
To tell you its tenth would surpass
the strength of my art.
There is on me a grief past relief,
and no man in this place,
But pities my plight without sight of
your fair Latin face.

"If we were below in Mayo, where
the tall rowan stands;
In the County Kildare, or in Clare of
the wide golden sands,
The hours would pass by as fly the
the swift swallows of spring,
While you listened with pride by my
side to the poems I would sing."

Finally Byrne has spun the web of his tale together so well that it reads with all the magic freshness of a happy Ireland, and is as clean as the flying ocean spray as it sweeps up the coast on a windy morning. Two hours spent in reading "Blind Raftery" are two hours that will not be wasted.

A College Uneducation

E. Wallace Willard, Jr.

TIME honoured as is the much fought out question of a technical versus a liberal education no subject was ever stated with such alluring freshness and clarity as was this same theme in a recent issue of the Century Magazine. Irwin Edman, writing on the "unpreparing" of our young men for life gives a decidedly new and positive twist to the whole debate, stating his views and position with such forcefulness that it scarcely seems possible to gainsay him. In my opinion his contribution to current knowledge upon the subject of higher education should be studied by everyone connected with it, parents, students, and professors alike. To bring in the personal element I might say that formerly I was very much biased in favour of a purely liberal education, first and foremost at least, with the technical merely as a side issue; but to my dismay I found my own arguments used against me in shattering style.

We are informed upon various occasions that an Arts course has for its purpose not the earning of a living, but the living of a life; that it teaches one to be discerning and comprehending, separating the essential from the non-essential, making one fully appreciative of the beauties in the world and inculcating an attitude sufficiently philosophic to smooth over many of the uglinesses. So far so true. The happiness to be derived on this side of the other world cannot be located in the bullion piles of the various Wall Streets; indeed it is doubtful if the source of real happiness can be definitely assigned to any one cause. Yet certain it is that one cannot be truly happy unless one is performing the task for which one is pre-eminently fitted. Whereby hangs the tale.

In the course of his article Mr. Edman tells the story of a very common type of young man going to college. Like a great many of those whose attention is not wholly diverted to athletics and the social side of activities his mind is fired with the beauties of poetry and the arts, is set to wondering by the mental gymnastics of philosophy; so that, like many another whom you and I know, he becomes dissatisfied with life and the world in general, and aspires to something better than there is to offer him. He is apt to become cynical, distrustful of human nature and extremely radical. He reaches the end of his course feeling entirely lost, and utterly unable to solve the problem of how best to apply himself to the task of earning his bread. He feels unfit for the dull routine and the drab commerciality of business. At the same time, not being a genius born, he cannot create ideas and symbols of sufficient appeal and magnitude to earn him fame. He is able only to wistfully sit at the feet of the "grandes artistes."

Sometimes young men whose nature is not so deep as surface appearances would warrant recover nicely from this mental condition and make a success of things. But too often they are completely spoiled for the serious business of life. They have learned enough to understand the stern bitternesses and everlasting follies of the human existence but are not great enough in themselves to overcome realities in serenity of mind. And so many lives are wrecked. Had they never had a higher education they would have made first class business men of the present day standard nor would they have felt the lack of the

Chinoiserie

Translated from the Chinese of the 4th century, A. D. by Vincent Starr and R. S. M'Ing.

I

A princess whose arms were white as new-peeled almonds,
and whose almond eyes were rayed with lashes
henna-dipt
Looked from a casement in her honorable ancestor's tower
of porcelain by the Yellow Sea
And stretched her arms to reach the moon.

She had two lovers, and she said to them:

"To which of you shall bring the moon to me
shall be granted the exquisite felicity
of sending my women away and undoing
the innermost folds of my dragon-pattern gown
himself."

II

One climbed a mountain in Mongolia, and stood on
tiptoe on the highest crag, and stretched his
arms to reach the moon.

The other on a moony night jumped from his junk, and
sought the bottom of the Yellow Sea to pluck the
moon from thence.

III

The princess, looking from a casement in her honorable
ancestor's ancient tower of porcelain,
Turns her eyes through tears in lonely longing to
the moon.

Sometimes it is gashed and broken like the face of
one fallen from a great height onto sharp rocks.
Sometimes it is white and cold and bloated like a
drowned man's face:

And if the princess sends her women away she has no more
exquisite felicity than of undoing the innermost
folds of her dragon pattern gown
herself.

aesthetic any more than their very self-satisfied fathers, who managing excellently well themselves without a college education seem determined to cram as much knowledge as possible into their children's brains, regardless of whether any valuable storage space has been therein provided.

At the same time a technical training for any one capable of really understanding it is to be desired. There is no reason why scientific principles of analysis cannot be applied to the various ways of rendering service to the community and these taught in such a way as to save some of the time necessarily taken if these are learned through experience only. Mr. Edman too would be very willing to see liberal subjects combined with the technical courses in order to broaden but not to bias the mind, and it would seem that some such form of compromise will be the only way out of the difficulty in this day of fierce economic competition.

Of course the ideal, and perhaps final (if one may be permitted to be thoroughly optimistic) solution would be the ability to categorize each individual at an early age, separating the poets from the mathematicians, the painters from the engineers, and so on. Possibly the development of psychology will give us accurate methods of determining the mental bent of children and enable us to label them at once for the particular work they are best fitted to carry out. If such a stage should arrive the children of the earth will be blessed indeed. In the meantime anyone will spend a profitable hour by reading Mr. Edman's article in the October 1924 Century and giving some thought thereto,

The Music Club Recital

A very encouraging audience, in both size and appreciation, attended the second Sunday Musicales of the McGill Music Club on the afternoon of February 22nd. It was very gratifying to note that several Professors, besides many outsiders, were among those present. Over two hundred students attended.

The program was opened by Willis Malone, Pianist, with Debussy's first two Arabesques—selections which suited the executant's touch and temperament although it seemed to us that Debussy should not be played first on a program. Nothing, we maintain, will "warm" the atmosphere as well as the old stand-bys—a Bach Concerto or Suite, or something from Mozart, Scarlatti, Hummel and Beethoven. Mr. Malone next rendered a refined performance of Chopin's Valse in A-flat, Opus 34, No. 1; after which, he responded to the applause with the pleasant Valse in G-flat by the same composer.

A group of violin solos by Mary Izard was very well received. Starting with Sarasate's arrangement of Chopin's E-flat Nocturne, she put us in the right mood for the Negro Spiritual that followed—a piece which the player claims to have "discovered" and introduced. Like most Negro chants, it called for a luscious tone and emotional rendition, and the melody was just as weird as the name was outlandish—"Many, many Thousands gone." Mary Izard did not scale the heights of Parnassus (I speak figuratively) until the third number, Wieniawski's "Legende," (Continued on page Four)

Melodramatic Picture at His Majesty's

ONCE more the question as to the right and wrong of capital punishment is brought up in His Majesty's Theatre, but this time it is not a wordy debate between two astute lawyers but the silent drama, which, effectively working on the sentiments of the audience attempts to show how circumstantial evidence may send an innocent man to the gallows. The picture, of course, is not conclusive, since it only deals with one phase of capital punishment—that of the miscarriage of justice,—and that, as is stated, only happens in one case, perhaps, out of ten. But even this tenth man, this innocent one, should cause society to reflect more and to ask itself about the right and wrong of consigning all to perdition.

The plot is a melodramatic one. The picture opens with a prologue where an innocent man is electrocuted, justice arriving one moment too late; it closes where another is barely saved from the chair by the same fraction of time. Gordon Harrington, a criminologist, wagers with Phillips, a prominent club-man, that he could have an innocent man convicted of murder, by means of circumstantial evidence. Phillips disappears; and Harrington arranges with a young crook, who is "goin' straight" to allow himself to be accused of the clubman's murder, assuring him that he would be freed when Phillips turned up again in two weeks time. The crook accepts this plan with the expectation of getting ten thousand dollars for his pains and thus be in a position to supply his mother and his sweetheart with all the luxuries in his imagination. But it all turns out wrong. Harrington gets into a fight with Phillips over a girl, and kills him. His sweetheart will not allow him to give himself up but persuades him to let the young crook be punished instead. The climax arrives just one second before the execution which the governor stops at the psychological moment, while Harrington, himself, is beating at the gates.

The whole picture is somewhat overdrawn, but it certainly is not overemphasized. There are several tense spots, when one feels a lump rising in one's throat—such moments as when the convicted man is allowed to visit his dying mother and attempts to hide from her his handcuffs. Mary Carr, of "Over the Hill" fame, portrays the mother and plays the role with great skill.

But George Hackathorne, as Danny O'Connor, is superb. First as a reformed crook of the underworld, then as a smiling convict who is "doing something for humanity," and finally, in the full realization of his position, as one in all the agonies of mind before execution, he rises to great heights of dramatic ability. His characterization is extremely well done.

Clara Bow, as the crook's girl is good, but Elliot Dexter and Joseph Kilgour, who take important parts, have done better work.

A travelogue that precedes the picture, showing moose hunting, fishing and other sports in the primeval forests of New Brunswick, is interesting, dealing, as it does, with the free and easy life that everyone wishes for. A comedy and several songs by Miss Matteno, a pleasing soprano, complete the bill.

The Ballad of the Misplaced Highbrow

by Otto Klineberg

YOU may talk about the tortures of the damned.
You may sing about the sorrows of the tomb.
But the tomb is full of gladness
When contrasted with the sadness
Which is sealed within my envelope of gloom.
I'm a monument to false parental hope.
I'm a sacrifice to empty-headed pride.
I'm a victim of confusion,
Of deception and delusion,
I'm an object for deriders to deride.
I was born to be as other people are.
I was meant to go where other people go.
But by some miscalculation,
I forsook my destination.
I'm a High Brow when I should have been a Low!
As an infant I was taught to cry in Greek.
I imbibed a lot of Shinto in my cot.
When I asked for toys and rattles
I was told of Persian battles,
And reminded of the Major Laws of Thought.
As a youngster I was introduced to Kant.
I could make a speech on Einstein as a boy.
I could read a hieroglyphic
In a manner scientific,
And my Babylonian accent was a joy.
As a youth I took my Calculus to bed.
I could whistle all the songs Caruso sang.
I would read the tenth declension,
Or observe the fourth dimension,
When I should have been out fighting with the gang.
I was forced to swallow Ibsen with my meat.
I was given Amy Lowell with my tea.
I was made to see "Othello"
And to play the violoncello
When I should have joined the others on a spree.
When I met the Girl who seemed to be the One.
And we wandered in the moonlight rather late,
And my lack of preparation
For this sort of situation
Gave me food for sad reflection on my fate.
For I told her all I knew about Laplace,
And I whispered how the Pyramids were made.
Then I talked of Tintoretto
And I sang some Rigoletto
And reminded her why Athens had decayed.
But she looked at me and smiled a little smile.
Then looked away and sighed a little sigh.
And I saw my conversation
Was devoid of inspiration,
And the only thing to do was say Good-bye.
Oh at last I see the error of my way.
At last I know the path I have to tread.
I must throw my erudition
To the depths of deep perdition.
I must stop communication with the dead!
I will learn to trip the light fantastic toe.
I will seek the fertile friendship of the mob.
I will leave my Aristotle
For the alcoholic bottle
I will worship at the shrine of Boyish Bobb.
I will wave a last farewell to Art and Thought,
For to me they're far too staid and statuesque.
I will spend my leisure hours
In the pleasure-giving bowers
Of the Cabaret, the Movie, and Burlesque.
May I finish with a word of good advice?
Never bite off more than you can masticate.
Let your wishes and pretensions
Fit your cranial dimensions
And you may avoid the bludgeonings of Fate.
You may talk about the tortures of the damned
I admit they're quite excessively severe.
But it's worse, O Gentle Reader,
If you try to be a leader,
When your rational position's in the rear.

From Far-Off Hills

FROM far-off hills there comes a whispering
Of wet winds, and a footfall of the rain
Draws up the valley, till there wake again
Dear dreams and vagrant raptures of the spring:—
So all day long my heart is following
A vision that mine eyes may not attain,—
A lilt of laughter and an old refrain,—
A goddess, careless of my worshipping.

It follows through the city's noise and strife,
Through quiet fields where longing winds confer;
It seeks through silver days and blue nights rife
With stars and wide-thrown northern lights astir,—
Through each returning hour of April life,
The eyes of Beauty and the lips of her.

—Goodridge MacDonald.

The Music Club Recital

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which she played flawlessly where flaws might have been apprehended. Often her bowing and execution suggested the more brutal sex by the tone volume produced. This was undoubtedly the most solid work on the program; it was followed by Brahms' over-popular, hackneyed, played-to-death, abused, violated, but nevertheless beautiful Waltz in A-flat. The Music Club made no mistake in inviting Mary Izard to play—let us hope that she will come again soon.

Mrs. William Ewing, a local singer, next gave a short group of British songs—three musical settings of poems by W. B. Yeats and Rupert Brooke. Mrs. Ewing has a voice of rich quality in the middle register and she uses it very well, but her songs were rather shallow and sterile in musical content and scarcely merited the good efforts that the singer bestowed on them.

Miss Louise Hurd, of the Royal Victoria College Music Club, played two numbers, a Prelude by Mendelssohn, and Romance by Schumann. Miss Hurd is certainly one of the most talented pianists now attending McGill. Her lack of virility in some passages was more than recompensed by her intelligent interpretation throughout, and by consummate delicacy where delicacy was needed. Miss Hurd's selections completed the program, which was just the right length—a decided improvement on the previous Musicales.

Miss Constance Gurd and Mrs. R. M. Ballantyne accompanied the guest performers very efficiently in all their solos.

—LAWRENCE HART.

Little Things

LITTLE things I'll give you—
Till your fingers learn to press
Gently
On a loveliness;

Little things and new—
Till your fingers learn to hold
Love that's fragile,
Love that's old.

—Marion Strobel.

A Courtly Poet

(Continued from Page One)

de Banville can reach a high plane of poetic expression when he says, "Nous n'irons plus aux bois, les lauriers sont coupés." But how faded and faded sounds

"To the greenwood no more, felled and faded the bays."

III

No doubt some zealous disciple of Lord Darling's can quote chapter and text to prove by ratiocination that the above judgments are obtuse. Perhaps they are so. Nevertheless one is willing to wager that future generations will know Lord Darling as a great lawyer, a venerable judge, whose sane and wise judgments are an inestimable monument to English law and likewise as the judge who tried the celebrated case of Mr. "A"—but not as a poet. There is something else required beside form, finish and witicism to make a poet. That "Je ne sais quoi qui est l'art," Lord Darling does not possess. Perhaps the dour sobriety of the courtroom has deadened the more primitive poetic urge of the learned judge's youth. Or perhaps he has indulged that perverse instinct which urges men who excel in one field to essay to dazzle in a field diametrically opposed. Dr. Johnson desired to be a soldier. General Wolfe would rather have written Gray's "Elegy" than take Quebec. H. G. Wells aspired to a great career in science. And must it be said of Lord Darling, the great judge, that he tried to be a poet?

The Suburban Walkleys

(Continued from Page One).

is not to the public, i. e., casual theatre-goers, whose knowledge of the theatre concerns itself mostly with the number of times the leading actor has been divorced, and who wish to know if the "show" is worth seeing, for what earthly use is he? He is employed not as an analyst, but simply as a sampler. It follows that he does his work best whose dramatic palate most closely resembles the taste of the public. This explains the popularity of Montreal's critics.